Rom. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkst thou we shall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill divining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art so low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-sight failes or thou lookst pale.
Rom. And trust me love in my eye so doe you,
Dry sorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Jul. Madam I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your cousins death?
What? wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of love,
But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weepe for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but ever weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which slaughtered him.

Jul.

Jul. What villaine M
La. That same villai
Jul. Villaine and he
God pardon him, I doe
And yet no man like he
La. That is because t
Jul. I Madam, from
Would none but I migh
La. We will have ve
Then weep no more, I
Where that same banis
Shall give him such an u
That he shall soone kee
And then I hope thou
Jul. Indeed I neve
With *Romeo* till I beh
Is my poore heart, so
Madam, if you could f
To beare a poyson, I w
That *Romeo* should u
Soone sleepe in quiet.
To heare him nam'd,
To wreake the love I
Upon his body that h
Mo. Find thou th
But now Ile tell thee
Jul. And joy come
What are they I beso
Mo. Well, well th
One, who to put the
Hath sorted out a suc
That thou expects n
Jul. Madam in h
Mo. Marry my c
The gallant, young,
The County *Paris* a
nd shall happily make